

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY

Twins Born to French Mother Astound All Scientists

THE most astonishing case before the medical world today is that of the babies, Suzanne and Madeleine, who were born with a tissue of flesh connecting one to the other. The young ladies will be for some time compelled to live in the awkward face to face position seen here.

Medical men the world over are watching and studying the case with the interest it deserves, as it probably is the most wonderful case of "monstrosities" of the age. A formation of cells about three inches long and seven inches in thickness, joins the two babies, just above the navel.

Prof. Le Piliatre, the noted surgeon and dean of the French Academy of Medicine, will personally perform the operation which he feels certain will separate the two youngsters, who will then become normal children.

They were born about six weeks ago at Champagne, France. The operation will be a bloodless one, the tissue in substance being similar to a lump of fat.



PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

Unconscious Training That Made a Star

By TONY BIDDLE.

Millionaire Athlete and Society Man.

IT'S not the "best" that makes the best man. The worst job in the world once almost made a world's champion.

If you are not satisfied with the work you are doing, don't get a "ground" on the place. Put in all your spare time looking for a better job, but while you hold onto the one you have, do your duty by it. Don't grumble or whine. It is just as easy to smile and say pleasant things as to go around with a vinegar scowl and a face as long as your arm, a nuisance to yourself and an affliction on everybody else.

Besides, if you do your duty by any job, however menial, it is certain to do its duty by you. Any work well done is an asset to the character of him who does it of which he can never be deprived. Sometimes benefits of an unexpected kind are derived from the most unpleasant tasks.

There was Joe Choyinski. In his youth Joe's parents owned a little bakery and ice cream saloon in San Francisco. That was before the days of labor-saving devices. Joe used to put in about three hours late every night beating dough for bread and cake, and three more early in the morning beating cream.

He never liked the job. First he would take the heavy paddle in his right hand and beat a hundred strokes. Then he would shift it to his left and do the same. After slugging back and forth a few dozen times his arms came to feel like lead, then, gradually he would lose all sense of feeling in them, and continue to beat mechanically. About ten thousand strokes, he says, made a day's work. It was the most monotonous, deadening toil in the world and naturally Joe hated it.

Joe's ambition was to be a pugilist. For years he studied the styles of the masters of boxing who appeared in Fresno, and practiced and honed for a chance to show what he could do in the ring.

At last he was put on with a preliminary boxer at one of the night clubs. Joe merely walked out and pushed his gloved fist against the other fellow's cheekbone. That was enough. Two husky ushers carried the other fellow off, and when he came to he asked how many were killed when the building fell.

Then Choyinski leaped to fame. Everybody they asked him to fight he beat. When they matched him against "Iron Joe" Goldard, he hit the bar or champion so hard that his jaw was nearly torn from his face. Old timers said that no such punching had ever been seen in San Francisco. They marveled at his wonderful build. From the waist up he was a Hercules.

Probably no man who ever lived carried so odd and heavy a development of biceps and chest muscles for his weight. His punch was a short, lifting hook.

When they asked Choyinski how he gained his development and learned to deliver his punch, he would reply, "By practicing punching ten thousand times a day with my hands weighted." Then he would take a cane or a stick for a paddle and tell his story, illustrating how the motion he had used beating dough and ice cream was exactly the motion he used in delivering a punch. "I didn't like it," he would say, "but it gave me the punch."

Perhaps the job you dislike so today is giving you a punch that will make your name as famous in some higher line of endeavor as Choyinski's was in boxing.

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Tomorrow's article: "Headwork, Not Horsepower, Counts in Prize Ring."



A. J. DREXEL BIDDLE.

TIMES BEDTIME STORIES

Tom Kitten.

TOM KITTEN was a tiger kitten—that is, his coat was striped and very handsome, but he did not think much about that just now, for he was young.

What Tom Kitten thought most of was having fun. When he awoke in the morning the first thing he did was to roll over and over and make believe he saw a mouse, which was really his tail, and then jump up and chase round and round trying to catch it.

One day he did see something to chase. It ran right across the yard, and Tom Kitten stopped chasing his tail and ran after it.

On and on it ran, and so did Tom Kitten until he came to the woods a long way from his home before he realized how far he had run.

Then the little creature he was chasing ran up a tree, and so did Tom Kitten, for he was a very brave kitten. But then the strangest thing happened. The creature he was chasing disappeared and it seemed to Tom Kitten that it went into a branch of the tree.

"Now, that is funny," thought Tom Kitten. "How could anything hide from me like that? I know it must be on the other side of that limb."

But it was not there. For Tom Kitten looked and looked, but he was sure it was right there that he saw it disappear.

"Oh, there is a hole," said Tom Kitten. "That is where it went. I'll sit here and watch, and when I catch it, I will take it home, and show it to mother. I guess she will be surprised to find I can catch a big rat all alone."

Tom Kitten thought it was a rat he had chased, but it was a squirrel, and Johnnie Grey had no idea of being caught, at least not by Tom Kitten, so Tom Kitten sat and watched and watched the hole in the tree until he could see nothing but holes.

By and by a blue bird flew into the tree, and seeing Tom Kitten there, he thought, of course, he was waiting to catch a bird.

"Oh, ho," screamed the blue bird, so close to Tom Kitten that he jumped and almost fell off the limb where he was sitting.

"Look at this fellow, mates," called the blue bird. "He is waiting to catch us. Let us fly at him; he is little and cannot catch us. We'll scare him so that when he grows up he will not try to catch us."

Tom Kitten thought the next minute that the sky had opened and let out all the birds in the world, there were so many flying around him and in the tree.

They picked at poor Tom Kitten and he had to close his eyes to save them from the bills of the angry birds. Or, of course, he could not see where he was walking, and poor Tom Kitten slipped and caught at the branches as he tried to get to the ground.

When he at last fell on the ground at the foot of the tree if he had not been very quick the birds would have picked him, but he was up on his feet quicker than a wink, and off he ran into some bushes not far away.

The birds flew to the bush, but Tom Kitten had gained courage by this time and he stretched out a paw showing some sharp-looking claws when one bird ventured too near his hiding place, and the birds thought they better keep at a safe distance, after all.

They chattered and chirped at him from the trees around for a while, and then flew away, and Tom Kitten poked out his head and looked about.

Everything was still, and he crept out from under the bush and started to run home, but to his surprise he saw any number of squirrels running around, and when they saw Tom Kitten one of them said, "There he is, there is the fellow that chased Johnnie Grey. Now let us chase him; he can't hurt us."

Back then Tom Kitten under the bush again as quick as you can think, and this time he thought of his mother and her warning not to leave the yard. But it was too late to think much about warnings now. He must think how to get away, and think quickly, too, for the squirrels were poking about the bush and did not seem in the least afraid of him, which surprised Tom Kitten very much. Just as he was getting terribly frightened Tom Kitten

Romances of Models

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HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY AND THE TEXAS GIRL.

"A WAY out here in Ohio," began Mr. Howard Chandler Christy, the artist, in re-telling the romance of one of his models, "makes it necessary for me to import all the girls I use for my illustrations from New York City. Although they all originally hail from all parts of the globe.

Each of my models remains at my home in Ohio while I am making the illustrations for a long serial story, which is usually for several months. The girls learn to swim and ride and row and have every opportunity to develop into real athletes. And when the time comes to go they are loath to leave the friends they have made during delightful hours of tennis, motor-boating and other sports.

"Estrella, one of the prettiest of my models, was a Texas girl with the spirit of adventure strongly developed in her. She left her home to try her luck out in the world, and good fortune brought her to Ohio to pose for me. "She became acquainted with a young farmer who helped his family manage their estate of many hundreds of acres and who worked as hard as any day laborer. But Estrella was not content with the life of a model. She wanted to become an artist, and used every odd moment in developing his art for traveling. The only means of tuition open to her was studying art through a school of correspondence.

"He was a tireless plodder and made such rapid and remarkable improvement that the school advised him to submit some of his work to editors of newspapers and magazines in Chicago. "When he had a start Estrella would marry him, but until then she vowed she would not hamper him. Much depended on how his work was received. And the two young people waited in suspense for the verdict.

"That autumn floods threatened the homes of the dwellers of the small river towns in the Middle West. The mail for our village had been delayed for several days. The villagers did not care about the mail. They were making preparations to guard their homes if the worst should come.

"But Estrella did care about those letters from Chicago editors, which were long past due. And as the floods crept on the further was the chance of bringing the mail, as Estrella's father's farmer would have to try all over again.

"Matters were rather serious the day Estrella lost all patience. In wide brimmed hat, mounting the most spirited horse in the stable, the brave girl rushed through the threatened villages to the town, twenty miles distant, to bring back the delayed mail.

"The perilous journey almost ended fatally for Estrella. She had hardly covered the last bridge before reaching her destination when the bridge was swept away by the current.

"Undaunted, she fulfilled her mission and brought back the delayed mail. In that very breath was an offer to her father's sweetheart of a position on a big Chicago daily, the editors of which were very enthusiastic about his drawings.

"When I had finished the illustrations for which I was paid, I came west on to Chicago and married her artist-father, who since then has proven himself a genius as an illustrator."

A Natural Cake of Soap.

An odd and useful plant of our Pacific Coast is the soaproot. The grasslike, crinkled leaves appear close to the ground, and the plant is known to every California country dweller. They grow from a deep-rooted bulb incased in coarse fiber. If the fiber is rubbed off and the onionlike bulb, crushed between the hands, is rubbed in water as one uses a cake of soap, a plentiful suds results, as cleansing as any soap bought in a store.—St. Nicholas.

"I ran after a big rat with a bushy tail," confessed Tom Kitten. "Oh, ho," laughed Rover Dog. "That wasn't a rat; it was a squirrel. Didn't you see them run when I came along?"

"Where were you when I was chasing them?" asked Rover Dog. "I was chasing one," said Tom Kitten. "But when there are so many of them, I could not chase all of them at once."

"No, but you could have jumped at them," said Rover Dog. "I cannot chase all of them, but I can make a spring at them and bark and chase one. Now that is a thing to remember if you expect to be a hunter."

"Tom Kitten said he did when he grew older, but he was a while he thought he better stay at home."

"Well, come along with me then," said Rover Dog. "I let you do not know which way to go to reach home."

"Tom Kitten confessed he did not, but he followed Rover Dog as he led the way. He kept very close to his feet, too, for he felt sure nothing would dare attack Rover Dog."

"Where have you been?" said Tom Kitten. "I have been hunting," said Tom Kitten, stretching and looking very important. He is teaching him to hunt, and pretty soon you will not need to worry about me any more, because I can take care of myself."

Rover Dog shook his head and laughed as he went into his house. He was thinking of the frightened look on Tom Kitten's face when he found him.

Tomorrow's story: "Billy Pie's Revenge."

A Quick Trip.
"M. LANE called again this morning," said the new office boy as Mr. Stuart entered the office.

"Did you tell him I'd gone to Europe, as I told you to, Edward?" asked Mr. Stuart.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy. "I told him you started this morning."

"That's a good boy," said Stuart. "And what did he say?"

"He wanted to know when you'd be back," replied Edward. "And I told him 'after lunch,' sir," Harper's Magazine.

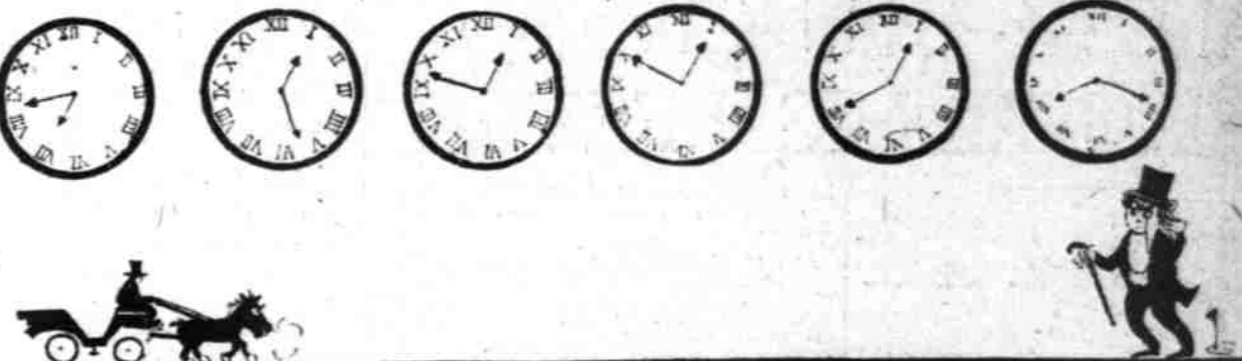
Fresh Meat for Army.
By the introduction of automobiles, the French army officials have been enabled to serve fresh meat to the soldiers instead of the canned meat which has been hitherto issued to them in the form of rations.

At the last maneuvers, dozens of live cattle were established thirty-five miles away and a large number of power buses were assigned for the occasion and utilized as delivery wagons. All coaches of the cattle killed one day were hung in the wagons and during the next day were delivered to the military organizations.

The innovation was a success in every particular.

Coal Pockets Under Canal.
Storage chambers for coal are being dug in the bottom of the Panama canal, says Popular Mechanics. In time the excavation of coaling United States war vessels will be a vital one, and coal pockets are being prepared now while the machinery is on the ground. The bottom of the canal has been chosen for the storage chambers, so that the coal will be safely hidden from many possible enemy.

Don't Go To Work By F Street Clocks



By EDITH LOBERT.

APPARENTLY the hours between midnight and bedtime had hung heavy.

There wasn't a doubt in the world that he had sought solace in the juicy grape and the festive soda. At any rate, his bubbling of the liquid unrest had been brought to an abrupt end by the strong arm of the excise law.

According to his own peculiar methods of calculation, it was just three champagne and a cordial past midnight, but he needed confirmation.

He thought the head waiter's watch was wrong, so it devolved upon him to ascertain the true facts in regard to his latitude and longitude.

Down the primrose path of F street he dashed, with two weighty problems to solve. One was to enter negotiations for a low-necked hack and the other was to diagnose the correct time.

The first was comparatively easy. "Zzames, skarrage waits!" he announced with solemn dignity to the sleepy cabman, whose outlines were faintly visible under the flickering arc lamps.

Then he ambled on up the street in search of a clock, appealing to the circumambient atmosphere in his melo-lowest bee-tones to be transported back to "old Virginia."

His wobbly peregrinations led him to the clock in front of the Kellogg building on F street.

The hands pointed a 1:27. "Nup," he complained. "Scemthin' rotten in Denmark—Denmark—must have investigation!"

He continued in the direction of the Treasury until he found the other side of the clock, which announced the chiding hour of 7:44. "Thash more like it! Now I ain't 'fraid to go home. It's only 7:44. Carrymeback—carrymeback—"

He started across the street attracted by some bright lights arranged around a clock in a store window. That clock proclaimed to the listening earth that the hour was 1:40.

Overwhelmed by his latest piece of information, he sat down on the curb to think it over.

Far in the distance he caught a glimpse of one of Major Sylvester's "finest," so he picked himself up and resumed his journey. For three blocks he searched diligently for a public clock. Art, masterpieces, warden's evening clothes, trunks and cold cream, and haberdashers' dreams greeted him from the shop windows.

It was small consolation for his troubled conscience. "Scemthin' rotten in Denmark—awful public scandal if this clock fraud ever gets out!"

On the corner of Eleventh and F he stood hesitatingly, gazing at a time-piece on a standard which recorded the hour as 1:45.

"What horrible clammy to the nation! An' not a shoul knows shing 'bout it shept me! Don't like thash street—ain't goin' to play with it any longer!"

Up Eleventh street at the corner of G he saw a dim light glowing through a clock face, which said unmistakably 1:50.

A short distance beyond, a jeweler's watch made of wood cited the memorable hour of 3:17, the time usually affected by clocks with more 25th than works.

"Carry me back—to Shalnt Lix'beth's! Awful clammy to country!" He shook his head wearily. "As publicly applied citizen I feel it my duty," he informed a neighboring lamp post. "To march up Pennsylvania avenue to the Capitol and tell Congress 'bout this."

"Zzames!" he signaled the cabby, who had kept him in sight. "Capitol! An' don't lose one minute! Awful public scandal in nation's capital—clocks won't agree now!"

F. S. Take a trip yourself, and see it

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